

ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISCARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

PARASITE

PARASITE

SCOUT'S HONOR
Patrick Boyle
(Prima)

HUSTLING
John Preston
(Richard Kasak)

MY LIFE AS A PORNOGRAPHER & OTHER INDECENT ACTS
John Preston
(Richard Kasak)

MORE BAD GIRL HANDLING
(RedBoard VHS)

MARDI GRAS 1994
PART ONE -BOURBON STREET
PART TWO -PARTY FROM HELL
(The Frat Boys VHS)

PLAY

There's this painfully emaciated white man -old, sunken, grey; not wrinkled as much as he is withered. His rib cage juts over his skinny loose stomach with way too much fragile weight. He's got a big long fat cock and low hung saggy balls, sparse dirty-chalk hair on his bruised, sallow, thin legs and wirey nipples.

He leers almost to the point of drooling, his lips and nose and eyes all seem runny and red and frail. And he pats the steely table he teeters in front of. Fucking hunchback all bent and used and tired and fucking hurting under the strain of just standing. Just trying to stand. And to stay focused. And then excited.

His thick pendulum uncut cock gets some rough long tugs and just droops and squiggles. No snap or response. No blood or expansion; just bony skinned fingers uselessly pantomiming youth and interest and confusion and rote.

He wobbles another hand to the table. Bangs it, open palm, weakly; one hand yanking down, the other flopping down with a metal crash. He wants the little girl in front of him to get up.

And she'll have none of it.

This is one of the best kiddie porn films you ever saw. She can't be over six or seven. And it's rare that they're so unwilling, so undrugged, so stubborn and frightened.

She's got to end up on the table. You didn't pay all that money for her not to. But, for now, it's fucking amazing that the pervert who made it left this scene in.

She even fucking cries. Even screams and tries to fucking run. Only to be wrestled into the arms of the scarecrow, only to be sucked into his imploding skeleton and thin guts and have his swinging meat package flattened and squashed into her back and neck and hair. Her precious soft dark black long baby hair. His hands on her arms and across her boned flat chest.

Dear Fetish Lover,

You may be wondering where we got your name and address. It is not a secret -we purchased the mailing list and all the equipment of SUPERLIVE video. Like them, we conduct our business in an honest and reputable manner.

This invitation is being sent to you at your own request or that of your SPONSOR whose name appears on the reverse side. We are a true "fraternity" of hundreds of guys who are interested in the erotic "ass-pects" of the ENEMA scene. Some of our members are newly-won to the potentials of enema fun; others are "veterans" with much to teach....

Some cunt paints up her lips and pinches her face and spreads out her hair. She wants to look just human over the air-waves when she burps at Phil's audience about how she didn't know her pig-dicking hubby of the last ten years had more than a taste for their innocent darling sweet loving terrified baby-daughter.

How could she know?

You know that smell-that shit smell that reaches your nose just as soon as you feel the cum run out of your asshole? The

He throws her on the table. She quickly stops wriggling 'cause you know the cameraman told her to shut the fuck up or he'd:

kill her
dope her
slap her
give her a present
let her go home.

Or better, maybe her mama is there, snorting up some burning heroin and worrying that she won't get any more if her fucking cunting brat doesn't act right, fucking little cunt.

And when they're done with her. Done fucking her and sticking things inside her and on her and all over her: pissy cum and sweat and the cutest red faced cheeks and tiniest bouncing flesh bags and muscle you ever saw in your life so far, she goes home with mama and gets sold again. Without even the dignity of a record being made this time. Just a one-off. 'Cause it don't even matter that much.

And the mama sucks some ass and eats some cock and shoots and yawns and snorts and vomits and spreads and drifts and bleeds and sleeps.

And the little one, you know, has to die. She can be left warm to cold over a luggage rack in some hotel room as dumb and dead as her mama. Cocaine frozen brain and soft pale big eyes and burned out nose and stretched-out smelling breath rot mouth.

One finger only.

Barely in before it's out.

And you don't know if the squirming is 'cause it hurts or if she just does not want to be there at all. Like a toy store tantrum. Pain, you know, just doesn't translate so clearly over the screen.

The WEEKLY WORLD NEWS published photos of Ted Bundy's thin stitch-scarred head just after he was executed (Feb. 21 & 28, 1989).

VOX magazine from England had a color shot of a green and ugly River Phoenix in his coffin, in his fave band (his own-ALEKA'S ATTIC) t-shirt (#41, Feb. 1994). Purchased from the NATIONAL ENQUIRER.

And you know if PEOPLE had a photo of Kurt Cobain's dead gym-shoe'd foot and blue-jeaned leg as seen through his window, there's some nice shots of his teeth stuck inside his brain up against the blonde hair that Courtney Love took a clump of.

And you want to see that little baby, unbearably little, tiny and gentle and cute and pasty white and blue naked corpse folded all over an innocent enough suit case stand.

Marilyn Monroe's bloated pig bruise face.

G.G. Allin's necro-fan's silliness.

Sharon Tate's bloody mess on the TRUE GORE #2 video available from WAVELENGTH.

That long drooping thick thing lolling and bending and pumping into a face when a mouth won't -fucking can't- take more than just the slightest bit. Stick your fucking tongue out you little cunt. Stick your fucking tongue out now or I'll cut your fucking head off and nail this thing through your entire fucking shell cunt.

Which boys, exactly, got fucked with the dildo or just your dick? Which boys, exactly, did you nail to the yellow board and which ones did you just handcuff?

smell you feel in your stomach that feels more real than the tickle from your hole? The smell that tells you all about the great fucking faggot next to you telling you all about his previous lover's cock-size and his drinking problem and his ex-wife and his job as a bartender at that really cool bar and all the coke he got for free and all the stars he met and fucked and hung-out with and how he's glad it's all over now.

Pillow talk.

Letters to STH.

Articles to STEAM.

Safety aside; the pleasure to be had in fiction -in fantasies- is how close to real the pervert wants to make it. Not the fiction, not the fantasy; but the simple life that takes second place to the make-believe dreams. The psychosis. The lies. The attempts to impress, to fool, to convince. The failure. The fright, the safety and the burning cancerous ulcers and personal, heartfelt shame and misery. The wish-list.

Like the new issue of JACK'S NUMBER TWO (#33, May '94). Just one story this time (BREAKING IN THE NEW TOILET SLAVE by Andrew Barron) around all the usual ads that'll prove more enjoyable if you're not a member:

NIGGER PERVERT SEEKS
HAIRY WHITE SLAVE OVER
30 TO WALLOW WITH ME
IN MUTUAL RACIAL/SEX-
UAL FILTH, PAIN AND

And laughs with, as opposed to simply at. Jamie doesn't ham it up. He doesn't make believe or condescend.

The girls -Tiki: wobbly fleshy ass and big tits. Jojo: nipple rings and something of an interested masochist. Taj: dark brown Indian-skinned lap dancer.

Hustlers, one is to assume, are paid well for their video work and an appreciative audience is more eager to serve than steal. And the politeness of these short spanking vignettes seems closer to Mr. Preston's ideal of an honest, relatively simple, transaction.

Until Jamie (gently, cheerfully) profers a kid-boot to the ass or an insult that glides over the whore's head. The focus isn't switched but rather, made clear.

Preston's hustlers. His audience. The street sellers and glory hole tonguers. The white trash with a couple hundred in their back pocket and a smile across their dull faces after only twenty minutes in Jamie Gillis' front room. A confused boy with his cock in a trusted father figure's warm mouth. A lonely sweaty, fear-filled but desperate older man tasting a twelve year old's first cum.

None of this top/bottom foolishness. No cartoons/demarcations based on cost, position or instruction. No pose. No substitutes, second-best or safe remove.

For those of you offended by the breezy switch in gender and tasteless lack of aesthetic concern: perhaps you'll find a similar charge in the latest releases by The Frat Boys. Their Mardi Gras tapes for this year pretty much mirrors the ones previous. It's The Frat Boys'wont to document the goings 'on (of a sort) down the gay streets of New Orleans during the Mardi Gras festivities.

The first tape centers on Bourbon Street, where size-queens line the balconies calling to whatever hunky gay (and a few bemused straights) guy that happens to cross their path. Pull out your dick and we'll toss you some beads. And that's it.

The second tape is more general in location but not in design. More calls, more dicks, more faggots.

Perhaps one can enjoy the camp verite':

NOW, THAT'S A DICK!

HE GETS SHY WHEN THERE'S A GIRL THERE.

THAT'S WHAT BETTE MIDLER SAID!

Some lengthy sloppy frenching, few hard-ons, circle jerks, loving to raw suck-offs, very little cum, very little piss, a close up of a scaley cock head here and there and maybe a cancer sore or two. And maybe just age spots.

As always, the interest comes from the natural mess these boys make of themselves. Fitting snugly into a begging position masquerading as acceptable lust and liberation. Men groping each other as an affront to the ordinary and the camera as a political tool rather than a lonely gawker. And that older gentleman with his hands on the meaty cock and balls in front of him is just positioning it to get the best photo.

How many guys can wrap their tongues around one cock at once? How many guys can fit themselves under the umbrella of trust, union and love and get those quick shots of Jimmy pissing in the street at the same time? How many young girls don't give a rat's ass over who investigates the goose flesh around their cracks as long as the price is right? How many mamas will talk their teenage sons into believing that the gooey mess in their throats isn't even close to the mess their minds will turn into soon enough. And how many men, their long legs spread-eagled out across their living room floors, their fists furiously pumping up and down on their bright red bursting cocks, will want to move from paddling to punching to pissing to shitting to ramming to stomping and beating and fucking its fucking eyes and head and asshole and fucking baby daughter and ripping its wretched fucking beastly head off like fucking Robert Black did to those little cunts in Europe for ten fucking years: IF SHE'D BEEN IN A SHORT SKIRT WITH SOCKS UP TO HERE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, I'D PROBABLY HAVE THOUGHT, 'COR, GOOD LASSIE THAT...'

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available by subscription only
\$40. annually (12 issues)
age statement required

A PORNOGRAPHER, he even admits as much:

MANY OF THE MEN I'VE MET WHO ARE MODELS OR ACTORS MAY BE PHYSICALLY ATTRACTIVE; FEW ARE CHARMING. MOST WERE HUSTLERS WHO ASSUMED CORRECTLY THAT THEY COULD EARN MORE MONEY IF THEIR PICTURES WERE IN A GLOSSY MAGAZINE. MOST OF THESE GUYS WERE TOO DESPERATE FOR ME. THEY OFTEN CAME IN WHILE THEY WERE OBVIOUSLY ON DRUGS. I'D SEND THEM AWAY; I WASN'T CONVINCED THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING. THEY'D BE JUST AS HIGH WHEN THEY SHOWED UP THE NEXT DAY. OTHERS WERE JUST TOO EGOCENTRIC, TOO COCKY ABOUT THEIR LOOKS, AND NOT IN A NICE WAY.

MY LIFE AS A PORNOGRAPHER is a collection of articles written over the years by Preston as attempts to explain various aspects of the gay lifestyle. Provided that lifestyle revolved around written porn and the leathery TOP rationalizations and fantasies so popular among suburbanite John Rechy and DRUMMER fans.

PORNOGRAPHY AND EROTICA ARE THE SAME THING. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT EROTICA IS THE STUFF BOUGHT BY RICH PEOPLE; PORNOGRAPHY IS WHAT THE REST OF US BUY.

Fair enough. But what Mr. Preston says with irritating self-deprecating aplomb is as fake and transparent as his attempts to convince the reader of the worn out sex as radicalism squeals:

...THE PUBLIC DISPLAY OF GAY MALE SADOMASOCHISTIC SEX ACTS IS PRIMARILY AN EXHIBITION OF THE GAY MAN GOING THROUGH THE RITE OF PASSAGE. IT IS THE WAY GAY MEN ACCOMPLISH THEIR GENDER NEEDS OF LEAVING ADOLESCENCE AND ENTERING MALE ADULTHOOD.

(and, yes, he repeatedly checks his admiration for Robert Bly)

If there is a clear cut difference between pornography and erotica it most probably lies in the desire to inform rather than entertain. Or wallow. And while Preston says he disdains the currently popular politicization of all gay gatherings he nonetheless peppers everything he fucked or wanted to fuck with enough finger-waving responsibility and catharsis/trust excuses to make even the most desperate masochist think twice.

Maybe it's just the misuse of the word: sadist. Or even: love.

And perhaps John Preston's dear old mom thinks it's a shame that some people try to turn the thoughts in their head into shiny, dreamy lifestyles instead of just words on a page.

Preston:

THE SIMPLE PLEASURE OF WATCHING A WELL-ROUNDED RUMP TURN PINK AND THEN RED UNDER MY MINISTRATIONS HAS ITS OWN AESTHETICS AND IS ITS OWN JUSTIFICATION.

Jamie Gillis:

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR TITS WHIPPED BEFORE, TOO?

Mr. Gillis may have a better idea of what Preston's words smell like. His latest video is MORE BAD GIRL HANDDLING. And, true to form, the title conjures up more than you'd expect the video to deliver. But, unlike most spanking videos -the pathetically tame hetero ones, as a rule, are just not worth a glance; and the gay ones, like those energetically churned out by ZEUS STUDIOS are more buddy muscle slapping pose plays (if not collectable show and tells) than any real display of pleasure from someone else's pain- this one delivers some (however slight) reality.

Jamie goes the rote. Red asses (big deal if he hits the fatty pigs with a little more force than most) and gentle whips and mild insults to understanding. Some seemingly honest yelps and a few broken blood vessels, but nothing too spectacular. The one difference; the one special point to this thing that raises it above the usual is, of course, Jamie Gillis.

The style is amateur and way too friendly. Jamie teasing and joking and going through all the motions albeit with a pro's sense of self-concern and assurance. Once again, as in his ON THE PROWL series and DIRTY DEBUTANTE cameos, Jamie follows in the grand tradition of Ugly George. He just lets the girls talk and act and ...celebrate their situations. So (while Preston would agree) it doesn't have to be bloody to be sadistic, it should (while Preston would stutter) have some degree of payment. Or consequence. Or, even, honesty.

There's no advertisements for women's lib here, though it's hardly mock-rape or torture. And none of the real sexism lies at Jamie's feet. The brain dead, the abused, the lost and losing line up and bark. Not necessarily literally.

You want to see the troubled teens (or slightly older or, even, the ugly products of a wayward pubescence) that sparked off the cock rubs in Patrick Boyle's book? Look no further than the dogs Jamie Gillis plays with. And, of course, pays.

Dean Corll

Elmer Wayne Henley, Jr. and David Brooks

Randy Kraft.

OF COURSE, THE POLICE REPORT DIDN'T GO IN FOR THE WRETCHED DETAILS, LIKE THE TEETH MARKS ON THE STOMACH AND PENIS WHERE THE KILLER DID SOME LEISURELY GNAWING WHILE A HOG-TIED WIEBE PROBABLY SHRIEKED IN AGONY. THE SETTling OF THE BLOOD AND THE STRETCH MARKS LEFT BY ROPES ON HIS WRISTS AND ANKLES ALSO SEEMED TO SHOW THAT THE PATHETIC WRETCH HAD BEEN SUSPENDED SOMEWHERE FROM THE RAFTERS, HIS HEAD AND CHEST HANGING DOWN. (ANGEL OF DARKNESS, Dennis McDougal)

Lesley Ann Downey's mum Ann West isn't sure what to think. She goes to bed and wonders if her daughter had Ian Brady's dick in her mouth before she died. And it's those thoughts that forced her to become a drug addict, so she says, in her book FOR THE LOVE OF LESLEY.

Ms West heard the tape of Ian and Myra ...playing...with Lesley. And like everyone other than Ian, Myra and possibly David Smith, she'll just have to guess at what Myra meant by:

PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND KEEP IT IN AND YOU WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

And, no doubt, she'll decide what she wants to think about. What she needs to think. And maybe she'll fight that schizophrenic demon voice that flicks and licks her numbed up brain with all sorts of ugly violent full color pictures when she tries to sleep thoughts of just a gag, just a gag. Like around Christmas. Or around the birthday that passes so very easily these days. Three or four days later, what happens in August ...? Oh dear, I forgot again, didn't I?

There's so much to think about.

So much to invent and construct.

So much to make your very own.

And keep reading the same sentence -the same two or three words- over and over until you cum. STUCK HIS DICK. STUCK HIS DICK. BIT HER NIPPLES DOWN. BIT HER NIPPLES BIG HEAVY TITS. BIG HEAVY TITS BIG HEAVY HOT HANDS COCK CUNT TONGUE TONGUE DICK DICK..

And then, right after you clean up and flush, is that enough? Happy? Contented? Less dangerous?

Will it be enough the next time.

How close do you want to get.

And how much truth do you require. How much reality, how many details until you're convinced.

Will a copy of BOY'S LIFE be enough?

Those lovely little close cropped haircuts and tightly clenched rock climbing short pants ass cheeks and that firm slight line that runs from breastbone to tummy to just above that diminutive bunched up clothes bulge.

Maybe some NAMBLA connections and chicken buddies.

Maybe a Vienna Boys Choir concert.

The soft dark lights. The wine and the candles. The fucking fireplace and Dionne Warwick.

"...I can hardly wait to hold you, feel my arms around you, how long I have waited, waited just to love you, now that I have found you..."

A gentle kiss on the cheek and slowly, steadily, comfortably to her lips. Her closed peaceful eyes and warmth. Silent, honest, heavenly: beautifully made up with thick paste and gloss and tint and pins and ribbons, props and ties.

"...You've got the look of love, it's in your face, a look that time can't erase..."

EVIL. SATANISM AND EXHIBITIONISM A MUST.

The story this issue

is of a Harley club's big bear thick cock fat belly kidnap/gang-rape of a gay

"preppie". Told, of course, by the masochistic preppie who didn't realize the

joys of shit swallowing, forced tatooing, servitude until the very last paragraph.

Fans of Christopher

Rage, Dave Nesor,

Martin of Denmark and

the monstrous Mistress

Ann will want you to

know the difference...

so will Miss Catharine

MacKinnon...as will

Robert Black, Fred

West and the gentleman

who broke off a beer

bottle inside his

victim's tight raped

cunt.

The young lady sing-

ing for the English

group BLEED would also

like to convince you.

And her efforts are

sure to be appreciated

JUST AS I WAS ABOUT

TO DIE, A THOUGHT

OCCURRED THAT I SHOULD

TRY TO SURVIVE starts

off the dour piano

and lilting guitar pop

tune. AS HE GRABBED MY

THROAT HE TOLD ME TO

SMILE, THAT'S HOW IT

IS IN ALL THE PICTURES

AND THAT IS HOW THE

BITCHES LIKE IT, HE

SAID, HE'D READ.

These young kids

care about pornography

and its effect on men.

And they've read the

facts and they know

the results and don't

want any more women

to be the victims of

this evil business.

BUT WITH HIS HAND

OVER MY MOUTH, WHERE

WAS MY FREEDOM OF

SPEECH? The best song

you ever heard, next

to the new WHITEHOUSE.

One plus one is more than two. Together forever. She's more than my wife, she's my best friend. Unflinching. Unbending. Mature. Perfect. Easy. A joy at Christmas. A shoulder to offer at her father's funeral. A tight hug when she's upset over her incredible failure with her career and lifelong lack of ambition.

Or hugging your darling lover close while he waits for his seroconversion details.

Mom, I want you to meet the love of my life. The one for me. With a little luck and god's good grace, our wonderful children won't splat out retarded or deformed. Or with cute little fuckable baby mouths and lovely cry baby scream and bleed assholes. Or pubescent lolitas or gym-class jocks ripe for the coach who jerks off behind his desk with his eyes tightly shut about those wet showers.

Mom, I thought everything would be perfect. I thought everything was great -planned out and we were gonna live happily ever after. Sure, the sex was great, but there was all the rest -the dignity, the trust, the care, the glow, the love.

Your mother is a cunt. Fat gossip sow whining and wheezing over the dirty monsters she squeezed and vomited out of that gross black pit hanging open between those pimply pickled fleshy tree stumps. And your father's a worthless liquor soaked joke stuck to the back of a short, shrinking, greying dick and low dropped balls kept warm and loose in piss stained wartime boxer shorts.

And don't you hate them? Don't you hate what they did? And what could have been? What should have been -and what you were promised?

I WASN'T CONVINCED IT WAS WRONG, I WAS CONVINCED THAT I SHOULDN'T DO IT ...IT WAS WRONG BECAUSE I WAS CAUSING SO MUCH PAIN TO ALL THE PEOPLE AROUND ME. IT WAS WRONG BECAUSE IT WAS ILLEGAL. WHAT WAS WRONG WAS THAT I WAS CAUSING THE BOYS TO BE INTERVIEWED, INTERROGATED, EMBARRASSED AT SCHOOL. I DIDN'T SEE I WAS DOING ANY HARM IN AND OF ITSELF. -Carl Bittenbender.

Carl is one of three pedophiles that Patrick Boyle builds his investigation of "Sexual Abuse In America's Most Trusted Institution" around. SCOUT'S HONOR is almost 400 pages of whirlwind facts, interviews, documents, official denials, coverups and little boy scout's fondled genitalia. Which sums up the problem with the book most succinctly. Too many coverups and too much fondling. Of course, within Mr. Boyle's purview, there is much more than just boy touching and the occasional fuck and suck (the cover boasts "the story of nearly 2000 other child-molesting Scout leaders"), it's just that the focus is typical primetime newsmagazine fare: Pump up the outrage that stems from the sloppy attempts and high tech hush money that the BSA worked in efforts to avoid bad publicity and law suits, and sneak the lurid details in sideways. It's an old tired trick, most popular these days with the catholic church, and one which NAMBLA was hip to back in 1987 when, as part of their news section in NAMBLA BULLETIN (vol. 8, n. 7), they said:

SPOKESPERSON CHRIS FARRELL APPEARED ON THE SALLY JESSE RAFAEL SHOW, A NATIONALLY SYNDICATED TELEVISION TALK SHOW, IN JULY. APPEARING WITH HIM WERE A DECENT BUT GUILT-LADEN BOY-LOVER, AND A PSYCHOPATHIC CHILD-SEX CRUSADER, PHILLIP CARLO, WHO AT ONE POINT TOLD FARRELL THAT HE HAD A GUN IN HIS POCKET AND WOULD BLOW HIM AWAY. CARLO WROTE "STOLEN FLOWER", A RECENT EDITION TO THE GENRE OF BOOKS THAT TITILLATE READERS WITH THEIR AUTHORS' MASTURBATION FANTASIES ABOUT CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE, BUT ARE FOBBED OFF AS NON-FICTIONAL.

Biggest problem here, then, is that Mr. Boyle's outrage may just be honest. Even if that honesty only seems to seep out due to his frustrating hop and skip reporting style when it comes to actual case histories. Boyle's book is full of well-researched and well-intentioned investigation. He gets into the secret files of the BSA and picks at their hypocrisy. He keys in on their refusal to acknowledge and deal with their volunteers' sexual problems due to the organization's core need for the trust of the American family, as well as the need for the volunteers themselves. He needles the BSA defense techniques in court and nails their tacky attempts at media manipulation. And then forgets to flesh out the details.

HIS FINAL ASSAULTS INVOLVED TWO TROOPS NEAR NORFOLK, ONE COMPOSED LARGELY OF BOYS WHO WERE MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED.

IN THE EARLY 1980'S THE BSA, RESPONDING TO SEVERAL LIABILITY CLAIMS -INCLUDING ONE WHERE TWO MISSOURI LEADERS BRANDED SCOUTS ON THE BUTTOCKS WITH A COAT HANGER...

and more don't even get a look into beyond those single sentences. And Boyle barely alights on a New Orleans sex ring and a group called "The Rowdies" (THE INITIATION RITES FOR THE CLUB INCLUDED REMOVING THEIR CLOTHES AND MASTURBATING)

while a poor troubled unfortunate who kills himself over having tasted the wrong kind of dick gets only a bit more:

BY THIS TIME THE ENTIRE FAMILY WAS IN COUNSELING. CHRISTOPHER'S BODY AND MIND SEEMED FRAGILE AS PORCELAIN (...) HE STILL HAD NO SENSATION IN HIS BLADDER, WHICH HIS DOCTOR BLAMED ON PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA. WHEN THAT CLEARED, HE BEGAN HALLUCINATING THAT BROTHER EDMUND WAS COMING BACK FOR HIM.

But the reason that SCOUT'S HONOR is an unsatisfying read, is not due to a simple lack of gore or porn. Nor is it its refusal to set up the perpetrators and the victims as the stereotypes they undoubtedly are. And even it's dedication to truth, justice and the moral American family way and their right to know isn't as annoying as it could have been.

'THERE IS NO HUMAN BEING ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH EASIER TO SEDUCE THAN AN ADOLESCENT BOY IN HIS EARLY TEENS' SAYS THE FBI'S LANNING. 'THEY HAVE AN EASE OF SEXUAL AROUSAL. THEY'RE CURIOUS. THEY'RE EXPLORING THEIR SEXUALITY. THEY SOMETIMES HAVE A NEED TO BE REBELLIOUS'.

and

'PEDOPHILES ARE UNUSUALLY GOOD AT FINDING CHILDREN WHO FEEL BAD.' SAYS KAY JACKSON, COUNSELOR AT THE AVENEL PRISON. 'PEDOPHILES WILL TELL YOU THEY CAN GO TO A PLAYGROUND AND WITHIN TWO MINUTES PICK OUT THE LONELY, VULNERABLE KIDS'.

and

THE IRONY IS THAT MANY ABUSED CHILDREN ARE TROUBLED IN THE FIRST PLACE. WHEN THE ABUSE IS EXPOSED, IT'S DIFFICULT FOR PSYCHIATRISTS TO SORT THROUGH THE WRECKAGE AND FIGURE OUT WHICH PROBLEMS STEM FROM THE ABUSE. 'THE ONES WE KNOW ABOUT TEND TO BE MULTI-PROBLEM KIDS WHO WERE IN TROUBLE BEFORE THEY WERE ABUSED', SAYS PSYCHIATRIST PARK DIETZ.

The problem is Boyle didn't know where the story was.

Neither does John Preston. Though lord love his HIV positive heart, he tries. Mr. Preston wants to be your mother just as long as he can pretend to be your father. Literally and figuratively.

In HUSTLING -A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO THE FINE ART OF HOMOSEXUAL PROSTITUTION, Mr. Preston hopes you believe:

THE SUCCESSFUL HUSTLER IS A MAN WHO CAN MAKE HIS CLIENT FEEL COMFORTABLE. THE CUSTOMER IS LOOKING FOR SEX, TO BE SURE, BUT HE ALSO WANTS YOU TO PROVIDE A REFUGE FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE. HE IS GOING TO EXPECT YOU TO GIVE HIM DECENT CONVERSATION AND GENERAL COMFORT. EITHER HE IS CLOSETED AND WANTS SOME APPEARANCE OF CLOSENESS, OR HE'S AN OUT GAY MAN AND WON'T PUT UP WITH THE BULLSHIT OF THE CLOSET.

and

THE LARGEST GROUPS OF MEN WHO HIRE HUSTLERS HAVE ENORMOUS NEEDS FOR INTIMACY. BECAUSE OF AGE, SOCIAL STATUS, OR INEXPERIENCE IN GAY LIFE, THEY ARE AS DESPERATE FOR AFFECTION OR RELATIONSHIP OR INFORMATION AS THEY ARE FOR SEX. NO MATTER HOW BIZARRE CLIENTS' ACTUAL SEXUAL DRIVES MAY BE, SAFETY AND AFFECTION ARE TWO OF THE HUSTLER'S MOST VALUED COMMODITIES IN HIS CUSTOMERS' EYES.

Preston recounts his experiences in the world of hustling and talked to his charges and like-wise employed friends. He fashioned the tales into a how-to guide for young aspirants. And he wants all you boys out there in your raincoats, with your sweaty mits yanking out your greasy stubby hard-ons all ready for stuffing and spewing, to know you've got entirely the wrong idea:

AMERICA'S HYPOCRITICAL VALUES INSIST THAT PROSTITUTION IS A SLEAZY AFFAIR WITH NAMELESS JOHNS HIRING DESPERATE, ILL-EDUCATED, OR EVIL BODIES FOR A MOMENT'S SEXUAL RELEASE. PARADOXICALLY, THERE IS ALSO ANOTHER PERCEPTION OF THE PROSTITUTE AS A HIGHLY EXOTIC SEXUAL SUPERSTAR. THOSE ARE SIMPLY NOT VALID DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL FEMALE PROSTITUTES AND EVEN LESS-ACCURATE PORTRAYALS OF MALE WHORES. (...) THE MODERN MALE HUSTLER MEETS HIS CLIENTS THROUGH ADS OR DISCREET INTRODUCTIONS. HE DOESN'T STAND ON STREET CORNERS IN DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOODS. HE ENTERTAINS IN HIS OWN APARTMENT OR VISITS CLIENTS IN THEIR HOTEL ROOMS OR THEIR HOMES. HE HAS MORE IN COMMON WITH OUR INTERPRETATION OF THE JAPANESE GEISHA THAN WITH THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER'S SENSATIONAL HEADLINES ABOUT WHITE SLAVERY.

Preston may not be talking about the much more interesting and entertaining hustlers like the ones Larry Eyler, John Gacy and Randy Kraft got to know so intimately. But that doesn't mean that the kind he's talking about (or let's pretend: to) actually exists. And in his other recently published book, MY LIFE AS